

he hands, in an ecstasy, and walked hurriedly around the room.

**JOSEPH SUTHERLAND GETS A "REVIVER" AT THIS POINT.**

His Honor then, walking up to poor Sutherland, just beginning to get cheerful, tapped him playfully on the back in his most approved Henry Clay manner, and said, "Oh, my dear fellow, don't be the least uneasy! When did Fernando ever fail in anything he undertook?" Visions of the pursuit of the Governorship and sickly recollections of their late Washington defeat crossed Joseph's brain; but he dared not speak. Wood, taking this silence for consent, then would say by affirming that he "owned Bennett—body, soul and breeches; that he had discovered the best way to manage him; and that *The Herald* would no more dare to oppose him than a man would dare quarrel with his wife." After this, "enough said" was the general cry, and the preliminary meeting adjourned to the meeting of the caucus that evening, when the programme for the next day's proceedings of the Wilson Small Committee was carefully prepared and matured by the joint labors of his Honor, Billy Cook, Sutherland and Wilson Small—though Small now undertakes to swear that his name was put to the manifesto without his authority or consent.

#### THAT MEETING OF THE WILSON SMALL COMMITTEE.

In our next we shall furnish an historical, philosophical, lyrical, tragic, comical, and gastronomical account of that great meeting of the one-horse menagerie called the Wilson Small Committee, which claim to have met in Tammany Hall on the Friday evening of their advertisement; the caucus of the night before, including the speech of his Honor (that same old "back-seat" speech), and the remarks of the profound Sutherland, the able and lucid Chambers, the eloquent Small himself, the adipose Herick, and so on through all the characters; how they attempted to meet in the Reading Room, and how Charley Brown locked them out; how they then sought forcible entrance to the coal-hole; the dispute of his Honor and Sancho Panza Small with an organ-grinder and his monkey for possession of the front steps, and their final resort to the expedient of purchasing soap tickets at the bar of the restaurant, and then (twelve of them) occupying arm chairs at the dining-table, where Sancho Panza distinguished himself as usual by exhibiting the size of his gullet and his ability to swallow anything or everything which Don Quixote Fernando might offer; how Small was dubbed with the title of the "Great Spoon," and his Committee as the "Regula's Soup Committee;" and how Charley Brown finally threatened to set his dogs on the tag-and-bobtail if they didn't clear quickly away from the tables for which more profitable customers were waiting.

#### APOLY FOR MR. AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

This brings me back to the original fight in Tammany Hall; but before going into it, it is necessary to say a few words of the position really occupied by Mr. Augustus Schell—a position most unluckily misunderstood during the pendency of that contest. It must not be supposed, from the part taken by Mr. Schell in the Tammany struggle, that he was guilty of an intentional treachery to the friends or the cause by which his present exalted position was achieved. Your correspondent believes, and has the best reason for believing, that Mr. S. was placed in the false position which he occupied for a time in connection with Fernando Wood, through deceptions practiced upon him, and the intrigues and false representations of those who should have been his friends but were endeavoring to mislead him for their own advancement. It is no imputation on a man's character to say that he has been deceived, or that he has been misled by relying on the statements of those who are false and treacherous. The purest men are the most confiding where they trust at all, and the fault of over-confidence in individuals is at worst an amiable weakness.

#### MR. SCHELL SET RIGHT UPON THE RECORD.

Mr. Schell, as I have reason to know, returned from Washington after his appointment with but two objects in view: the first, to be true to the party with which he had always been associated; and, secondly, to administer the duties of his office in the way most likely to promote the peace and welfare of Mr. Buchanan's Administration. Falling into bad hands at first, he was deceived as to the means of procuring these results, and was made to adopt a course that apparently falsified his antecedents, and for a time alienated the confidence of those who both were and are his steadfast and staunchest friends. But now, since the motives and influences surreptitiously brought to bear upon him have been exposed and discarded, it is seen and felt that whatever may have been the temporary tendency of his action, his intentions were always just, honorable and faithful. He fell into the snare set for him pretty much as Mr. Marvine was entrapped by the Larkin letter and other ingenious devices; but his liberation was effected—some rough fare having been necessary for the operation—and no one now rejoices more deeply, more prayerfully, more profoundly, than our new Collector at having escaped from the loathsome and repulsive contact with the arts of Mr. John C. Mather—of whom more hereafter—for a brief time tempted him to submit.

#### A NEW CATECHISM FOR OFFICE-HUNTERS.

Your correspondent can best sum up what he knows to be Mr. Schell's present position, by a few pertinent and important "questions and answers," which all our city politicians would do well to have engraved upon their memories:

**Question**—Who rejoices most that the unfortunate connection between Wood and Schell was so summarily and discreetly terminated by the result of the late Tammany election? **Answer**—Augustus Schell.

**Q.** Who felt the record of a past life of purity and uprightness rising in judgment against him when he made those visits to the Mayor's Office about a month or six weeks ago? **A.** Augustus Schell.

**Q.** Who now declares himself determined, that, under no circumstances, nor tempted by any official station, will he ever again "degrade himself by associating with Fernando Wood or any other scoundrel"? **A.** Augustus Schell.

**Q.** Who means to profit in the future by the lesson of the past? And who answers thrice—Augustus Schell, Augustus Schell, Augustus Schell.

In conclusion, should any one assert that the Powder Mug, the bar of Tammany, or any other form of pure Democracy, that Fernando Wood is to exercise the control over the actions or appointments of the new Collector, which he boastfully and most falsely asserts that he will, your correspondent would, for the most friendly and confidential way, request the individual so asserting to take a copy of these "Questions and Answers" to Mr. Schell himself and there have his doubts removed.

#### HISTORY OF THE HARSHILL PARTY, AS IT IS.

No, no! The history of the Harshill party in the State of New-York is too gloomy and disastrous a chronicle in all its earlier stages, to tolerate the suspicion that it should now be robbed, by something akin to treachery, of the fruits of its dear-won victory at the very moment of expected fruition. Starved under Frank Pierce's regimen, and "crushed out" industriously but vainly by Mr. Caleb Cushing, it fought the good fight unflinchingly, and as the trophy of its triumph—the outward and material symbol of the vindication of its principles—Mr. Schell has been elevated to the Collector's chair. Mr. Schell was the Harshill candidate for Collector under Pierce; and by the Harshillists he was nominated a member of the Central Committee from New-York, from which position his elevation to the Collectorship might be regarded as a natural step.

At the meeting of the State Convention, after the adjournment of the Cincinnati Convention, Fernando Wood endeavored and worked all his wiles to secure a united delegation of Harsh and Softs from this city to nominate himself for Governor, so that he might be able to say (in his most persuasive Henry Clay style) to members from the rural districts: "You perceive that I am the only person upon whom the party can be united; and as New-York City is the field where our battle must be chiefly fought, and as both sides, as you see, are my warm sup-

porters, it will be madness on your part to refuse my nomination." But his Honor was defeated in this deeply cherished design, and he and Mr. Schell well know both how and by whom; for the animosities then engendered have since become *active principles*. An opposition was formed against Wood by the Harshillists, determined not to let their disapproval be disguised by the indolence of such a name, and desiring that their old friend and banner-bearer, Mr. Schell, should have the honor and benefit of being their candidate before the country at this auspicious time—the last act of the Harshill party—they secured him a support in that Convention exceeding that given to Fernando Wood, and thus conferred on our new Collector precedence over Wood in the State politics of the Democratic party. The friends who aided in obtaining this result, inherited a legacy of hatred seriously maturing against their personal and official interests; and that legacy, we believe, was found to be of a nature beyond the skill of a certain late "public administrator" to administer. If, with such antecedents, Mr. Schell had proved recreant to his party in the hour of victory and need, the mere facts would have formed a monument to their author which would have needed no inscription to point a moral.

#### SECRET HISTORY OF THE LAST STRUGGLE IN ST. TAMMANY.

I said in my opening that there were grave suspicions of corruption against a "Bird in the Bush"—for if he had not had his "crop stuffed" and his "comb out," as hinted by two "small-sized papers," how otherwise could he have borne to cross over the result of the late Tammany election?

Keep in your mind, if you please, that this fight at St. Tammany was a political war, having little or no reference to the municipal struggle now waging in our public offices and courts; with such weapons as in junctions and quo warrantos; it was a combat independent, though destined to exert an important influence on the other—a combat between rowdies and respectability—between honest men and rogues for political ascendancy; and in the mortal arbitration of the Schemer, his Honor was routed utterly, beyond redemption and beyond redress; even Mr. Michael Tuomey has been recently inquiring the price of crape, and Irish Tom and the other whisky-braves pour out libations to the memory of their dead Chief with unsteady and yet unsteady hands. Our municipal freebooters have been expelled from their seats around the Council-fires of the Big Wigwag, and the place that knew his Honor, to its cost, and that his Honor knew to his own great profit—the result of the Westchesterian victory—has dissolved these relationships forever!

#### A PARKER VEIN ILLUSION DISSIPATED.

Even at the risk of seeming tedious, I must recapitulate some of the points essential to a full understanding of the scheme by which his Honor lousessed the Collector. The story of Lowber and his market speculation under the regime of Mr. Redfield, would lose nearly half its piquancy if the public were left in ignorance of the plans devised by his Honor to retain dominion of the Custom House. It has been stated in *The Herald*—the Mayor's special organ (of which Judge Russell is chief bellows-man)—that the fight at St. Tammany was "a mere squabble for the spoils." This is about equal to his Honor's discovery—immediately after the adverse result of the contest had been declared—that "the struggle for Schemer was Mr. Schell's struggle, not his; and that consequently "the defeat was Mr. Schell's defeat, in which he was "in no wise interested."

#### RECAPITULATION OF IMPORTANT FACTS.

On the appointment of the Collector, it had been agreed between Mather, Crosswell and his Honor, in pursuance of a grand combination formed at Washington while Mr. Schell was still on the anxious seat of expectancy, that his Honor should retain through the covert influence of his two associates, the same ascendancy over all Custom-House appointments which he had exercised during Mr. Redfield's tenure by marketing with the market-hopes of Mr. Robert W. Lowber, Mr. Redfield's respected son-in-law. By management the three conspirators hoped to induce Mr. Schell to throw the entire weight of his position and patronage into his Honor's hands, for the purpose of revivifying the system that was otherwise on the brink of dissolution; and then, by a general slaughter of the innocents assembled round the "baked meats" of his Honor's fictitious funeral, his Majesty might again enthroned as King of Manhattan Island and monarch of all he surveyed.

#### THE ARMY THAT STORMED ST. TAMMANY.

But the pre-requisite of this scheme was the seizure of St. Tammany and the installation of the Wilson Small Committee as his Honor's obedient tools; with the Schemer in his power he could do everything—but from a Council inclined to honesty, what was there that such a man might not fear? All the evil influences of the city were self-interested in his Honor's success: if the heart of corruption ceased to beat, what hope was left for the minor prebendary organs of municipal absorption? Let me briefly chronicle some of these evil influences arrayed under the Chinese banner and engaged in the assault on the Wigwag: the magnitude of the victory may be estimated from the golden spoils collected from the killed and cold on the morning after the battle. His Honor had a regiment from the County Clerk's Office, Col. R. B. Conolly ("Slippery Dick") commanding, with Mr. Jack Brown for Adjutant, and Steve Duryes as Supervisor of the Commissariat. A regiment from the Sheriff's Office, Col. Jim C. Willett commanding, and Corporal Joe Cornell, to whom his Honor has promised the shirvelty, bringing up the rear. A regiment from the office of Repairs and Supplies, Nat. Selah in command, and Mr. Jim Irving displaying considerable muscle on the flanks. A regiment from the office of the Council to the Corporation, "Glorious" in his glory at the head, with Charley May for fugleman, and Dutch Stemmer bringing up the German reserve. A whole regiment, minus its proper Colonel, from the Controller's Office, with Joe Rose and Mr. Smith playing Colonel alternately, in the absence of Col. Flagg, who retains some foolish prejudices in behalf of honesty. Three cohorts of office-seekers, headed by Mr. Wm. McMurray (the same frightened by those "Wheatland documents"), who were all told that if the Wilson Small Committee were victorious "it might be relied upon for turning out all "such candidates as commended themselves to his "Honor's favor." A regiment from the Board and office of Common Councilmen, headed by John Clancy (who has been promised the Mayorship when his Honor takes that "backseat of back seats" that he spoke about at the Chinese caucuses), and John Chambers, Deputy Clerk, who has been promised the Registership—an office worth some \$10,000 a year—an office which we regret to add has likewise been promised by the same party to Mr. Charles Ring, the big medicine-man of his Honor's "Indians." A regiment of city contractors, over which Mr. James Murphy ("Boller King"), Mr. Benjamin P. Fairchild and "Brother Ben" seemed to exercise about equal control. A regiment from his own office, with thousands of camp-followers and whisky-braves innumerable; these, and his Honor's own police, with all their enormous secret influence, were the main body of the municipal army with which his Honor marched to overcome and seize that citadel of pure Democracy—the tainted wigwag of St. Tammany. For further particulars upon this point, apply to Mr. J. Y. Savage, who is understood to enjoy his Honor's undivided confidence.

#### FURTHER REINFORCEMENTS TO HIS HONOR'S STANDARD.

But his Honor knew that the walls were strong and the bravest within determined, the influence of a federal battering train was necessary, and the defenders might have to be alarmed by explosive mines from the Custom-House surreptitiously introduced, and only waiting for the spark of his Honor's anger to scatter death on every side among the recusants. To this end it was agreed that Mr. Schell should appear to be ignorant of what his two "advisers" had promised and vowed in his name, until about four days before the election of the Council of Schemers—the point

upon which the whole contest hinged; and Mr. Mather was to occupy himself in apparently blind negotiations—while tendering the olive-branch, that should sting the hand that touched it—talking mysteriously of "what Mr. Buchanan desired," and "what Mr. Buchanan said to him" (Mather), until the predestinated moment should arrive for putting in operation the "Union Movement" at the Chinese Museum, which has since been played out so much to the public's amusement and his Honor's unmistakable discomfiture. Between Mr. Mather and his Honor there is, as you may well imagine, a very intelligible "affinity," against both, "the tongues of the heathen" did once furiously wag, and both have been distinguished for their readiness to "take all the advantages that the law allows." I have not time for a good story connected with Mr. Mather and a certain political party of choice spirits, that were assembled some weeks ago at the wigwag of the Grand Schemer, Mr. Dan. Delavan. Beside, I am not disposed to be dilatory, and the punctilious scruples of that big Indian, the "Father," deserve to be regarded with consideration. But a nod is sometimes as good as a wink to a blind horse, and the knowledge that there is "a rod in pickle" may exercise a moral influence as wholesome as if the "naughty boy" had received the threatened chastisement.

#### A "BAD EGG" THAT WAS DISCUSSED AT BREAKFAST.

Your reporter having ably explained, at the time of its enaction, the preliminary contest between the Chinese and Westchesterian Democratic factions of our city, our history may be taken up on the morning of the eventual struggle for the possession of the old Wigwag and the virtual control of the Democratic party. Mr. Mather was bright and early at his Honor's villa on the Bloomingdale road, where the two conspirators took breakfast together and discussed at considerable length a certain "bad egg" that had been first tapped at Dan Delavan's party, as previously hinted. Despite the ancient odor of that egg, it was resolved, *non con*, that victory must settle on the Chinese standard, and the duty was assigned to Mr. Mather of bringing Mr. Schell to his Honor's office at a certain period of the day—where he should be detained, under pretext of consultation, and so forth, until the appropriate moment should arrive for conducting him in solemn procession from the City Hall to the gates of the beleaguered citadel. This maneuver, it was hoped, would strike terror into the hearts of all such wavering haves as hankered after the flesh-pots of the Custom House, and would make the incorrigibles (bad eggs, and so forth) even in their own despite, mute witnesses of his Honor's exaltation and the Collector's supposed subservience. It was also agreed that Mr. John Kelly should be another captive to his Honor's bow and spear, and that he, too, should take part in this nursery movement—the richness and former high character of the prizes attending the capter's wealth.

#### CAPTORS AND CAPTIVES MARCH.

This strategem succeeded, and half an hour "before the setting of the sun" on that eventful afternoon, all four—the captors and the captives—issued from the City Hall, and wended their way with great parade across to Tammany. His Honor tried to seize the Collector's arm, but Mr. Schell, with some instinct or fear of the past embrace (that fatal "carrage-hug"), jumped quickly to one side, and placed himself under the protection of his fellow-captive, John Kelly. Thus arm-in-arm—the two prisoners first, and the two captors (Mather and his Honor) behind, keeping an eye on them and pointing them out, while Mr. Michael Tuomey blew a horn (once the property of the Angel Gabriel) to excite the attention of the assembled braves—thus guarded, heralded and triumphant, the four passed into the sacred shades of the Big Wigwag.

#### POISONING THE ARROWS AND WHISTLING THE KNIVES.

Having secured "Room 22," his Honor now entered on the completion of his final arrangements for the great encounter. Here were assembled the various delegations from the Sneaks, the Crows, the Foxes, the Sces and the Backset—the Sneaks being under the command of Mr. Garry Striker, and the others under equally appropriate chiefs. Ben P. Fairchild—his Honor's grantee of the Lexington Avenue Stage Line—was engaged in poisoning the arrows, while Joe Rose and (Patent) Medicine-Man Ring sharpened the tomahawks, and Cas. Childs was putting an extra edge upon the scalp-knives wherewith the bloody trophies were intended to be plucked. Sancho Panza Small had three several musters-roll in his hand. The first contained the names of the braves who could be brought directly into action; the second the names of those wavering who might be relied on to desert in the heat of battle if victory seemed inclining to his Honor; and the third the names of those weaker vessels who could probably be hounded on the stairs by Irish Tom, Bill Powers and the other Whisky Braves there ensconced in the profoundest ambush. Everything was declared to be in readiness for the indiscriminate slaughter of all who opposed his Honor; and then the Custom-House officers, headed by Charley Lineback, were introduced to the Collector in the order of a list held and read by Mr. Michael Tuomey—ex-candidate for Alderman and Commissary-General of the Ligor Department on his Honor's Staff. This done, the Celestial Codies, with the Mandarin (his Honor) at their head, debouched into the great Hall of Council.

#### PREPARATIONS OF THE WESTCHESTERIANS FOR BATTLE.

In another room of the same building the Westchesterian Reformers were as "jolly" as the apparently unequal terms of the contest would permit. Determined to purify the system of primary elections, all the chiefs of the reforming party had spent the day among their tribes, preparing for a grand assemblage of all the valor and virtue that could yet be found uncorrupted among the Democratic masses. The "Old War-Horse," in splendid condition, was pawing the ground, impatient for the fray, and Schemer Fowler, Conner, Dunlap, Froment, Marsh, Adams and Cochran were early on the field of fight. It was agreed, as a mark of special concession upon the part of the old War-Horse, that warrior Fowler should be allowed to take his Honor's scalp; and thus the Reform chiefs, brandishing their war-whoop, the echoes of the old wigwag with their war-whoop, rushed into the grand council chamber, followed by the braves MacKoon, Richardson, Cooper, Dunham, Taylor, Sweeney, Brush, Gunther, Harrison, Gallagher, the great Corkonian warrior, and the remainder of the immortal two hundred who recorded their votes in favor of honesty, reform, and party faith.

#### THE ROTARY PUMP IS SET IN OPERATION.

Knowing that your correspondent, even though himself "a bird in the hand," could not enter the sacred chamber, we had provided for this emergency by placing our friend Tom Byrnes of the First Ward immediately outside the door, and placing under his care our newly-invented patent rotary, full-section, back-action pump, each person emerging from the chamber being put under its operation until the last drop of information had been extracted. Our proceedings were a little disarranged by Tom's mistaken idea that any information of importance could be extracted from Bill Powers. Tom pumped for several minutes, but the result was the merest "hipe"; and it was not until we submitted Mr. Michael Tuomey to a similar course (obtaining a strong alcoholic decoction) that the machine was found to be in perfect working order. Without specifying the exact results of each experiment, suffice it to say that Irish Tom, R. B. Conolly, Steve Fecks, Joe Cornell, Ben P. Fairchild, Joe Broadhead, Doug Taylor, Billy Dunham, Tom Dunlap, Harry Lawrence and Cas. Childs all yielded liberally to our new mode of milking, and we shall now give the concentrated extract, or such part thereof as may seem most important.

#### GRAND WAR-DANCE IN THE SACRED CHAMBER.

The Chinese were led by John Kelly, supported on the right and left flank by his Honor and John C. Mather. The "Brave" Minor, and the paleface of the Pollywogs (Baldwin), were nominated by Grand Schemer Delavan and John Kelly, to be the inspectors

presiding over the contest, and to declare to which side the victory should incline. Preliminaries thus arranged, the big warrior, Fowler, bared his brawny arm, and brandishing his tomahawk high in air, fix his eyes upon his Honor, and jumped into the ring. Presently were seen glances of evil even between Andrew Herrick of the Nineteenth and that red-headed Indian, John Cochran; they approached each other cautiously, and as Cochran advanced he commenced a war-dance, to witness which, all the combatants dropped their arms and remained for a moment tranquil. It soon became evident that this dance was a maneuver on John's part to weary out his pious antagonist, who was forced to join by the rules of Indian warfare; and as every "dishonest hair" in John Cochran's head trickled perspiration before the salutation ended, we may imagine how Herrick must have "larded the lean earth" as he jiggered and capered in that unwelcome dance. The red-headed Indian, at length successful, owing to the happy facility he has always displayed in changing form, Herrick was soon laid low among the fallen—his scalp now gracing John Cochran's girdle, and the battle was again renewed, when high above the din of the combat might be heard the neigh of the "Old War-Horse" and the sounding reverbation of his kick.

#### HIS HONOR BRINGS OUT AGAIN THAT PARTICULAR WHITE FEATHER.

Just about this time his Honor began to grow thoroughly alarmed—the big Indian, Fowler, threatening him on one side, and the young warrior, Waterbury, whetting a knife for his scalp upon the other. Chris. Gunther had cornered Mr. Schell in a quiet spot near the fireplace, and was denouncing his Honor in particular, and all other tricksters generally, in no measured terms. It soon became evident that the tide of battle was setting strongly against the Chinese; and then it was that his Honor made that memorable invocation to the "Great Spirit" which—Mr. Michael Tuomey overhearing—was answered instantly by a glass of spiced brandy from the bar, sent up at Mr. Tuomey's request. His Honor's countenance then assumed a death-like expression, far exceeding in ghastliness the simulated pallor which he put on when Mr. P. B. Sweeney first examined him; his face exhibited the same terror that it wore when Jim Hughes made his famous thrust on the night of the first organization of the Wilson Small Committee. But futile in expedient, and seeing defeat inevitable, it was at this crisis that his Honor adopted the "policy" of proclaiming to every one that "the fight was not his fight, but Schell's; and that it would be Schell's defeat, not his." This idea so enraged Fowler that his Honor's life was no longer safe in the same room; and calling on Ben. Fairchild and Sancho Panza Small to guard his retreat, the beaten monarch of Manhattan fled hastily from the room, a long white feather marking his track as he disappeared into the congenial darkness of the lobby. This "feather" is believed to be the same that he exhibited at or about the time of the late election, in his famous encounter with Mr. R. J. Dillon.

#### THINGS SAID TO BE SAID THAT WERE NEVER SAID.

Our friend "Glorious" has been greatly exercised by the result. For days and nights he was in a fever of excitement at the issue presented by Sweeney's nomination for the Schemership. He sadly remembered that he had removed Mr. Sweeney from his office; and in the hope to please his Honor thereby, had been specially insinuating in his mode of doing so, and by every means within his reach had endeavored to break Sweeney down—protesting with tears in his glorious eyes to Nesbitt of the 18th, that he "had" "staked his political fortunes on Sweeney's ruin, and that as Sweeney went up in the political scale, so "must he descend in an inverse ratio." He further said that said Sweeney said, that "brains and not brass" were the qualifications most essential to the office "which he (said Glorious) holds;" and further, that said Sweeney had also declared that "if he (said Glorious) continued in office much longer, "all the Judges of our Courts would be applying for "additional compensation for performing in Corporation causes the duty which ought of right to be discharged by the Corporation Counsel;" and finally that said Sweeney had applied to a certain friend (not specified) the epithet of "Foolish," or Dirt-Eater, a name taken from the interior of Africa—all which, I feel bound to add, Mr. Sweeney most emphatically denies.

The result of the struggle showed that Mr. Sweeney stood fifth on the list, falling only thirteen votes behind the old War-Horse Purdy—a result which indicates that six votes and the half of a vote form the active strength and available resources of said "Glorious" in the conservative Council of the Democratic party.

#### QUESTIONS TO BE ASKED IN THE PROPER QUARTER.

Perhaps, as certain investigations are now going on in our city, the following questions might not be deemed irrelevant:

What corporation suits have been tried since last October, and who appeared in them on behalf of the city? What has been the gross amount of the interests involved, and to what extent has our city been molested? How much has the city either paid or incurred for the fees of assistant counsel over and above what it had ever paid before in similar cases, and how many references have been submitted to outside lawyers—Mr. Josiah Sutherland, one of his Honor's candidates among the number? How was the Lake Street suit settled, and how can we account for the extraordinary efforts made by the Corporation Counsel to induce Comptroller Flagg, to pay out of the City Treasury to Mr. Lowber, the sum of \$16,000 for a contract not authorized by any provision of municipal law? What does Mr. George H. Purser know about the matter, and might not Mr. Purser be induced to squeak (like one of the crying dolls), if a due pressure were applied? The present Bird was hung in a room where a certain person slept one night, and heard that person talking in his sleep; that person had horrid dreams—"Pirates and Partisans" dancing fandangoes through his troubled brain; in fact, that person slept almost as badly as did Mr. George W. Pomeroy, after he had dined with a certain "Dick" at Delmonico's, through Mr. James Kelly's introduction. The matter should be referred to Mr. M. V. B. Wilcox, who comes from the neighborhood of Kinderhook, and has lately had practical charge of the Corporation Census. Mr. W. is but a young man, having been appointed Clerk by the late lamented L. B. Shepard, and has generally to employ some Assistant Counsel; but there were cases in Arabia once (not in the time of the good Haroun Alraschid), when "simple ignorance was thought better than an extorted knowledge."

#### ONCE MORE IN WASHINGTON—BIBES, BREAKFASTS AND BOUQUETS.

But let me take a flight to Washington before this latter closes. Don't think that I go there to notice the charming breakfasts got up at the house of Mr. S. A. Douglas, and to which Mr. R. B. Conolly was in the habit of inviting Mr. Michael Tuomey, Deacon Herick, Bob Gamble, Mr. Michael Walsh, Josiah Sutherland, Isaac Bell, Jr., and all the rest of those "eminent New-York politicians," through whose influence Mr. Douglas (if there be any truth in Mr. Conolly's premises) is to receive the unanimous vote of our State at the next Presidential election—a favor for which "Slippery" hopes to be paid beforehand by the influence of the "Little Giant" in the matter of clerkship to the House of Representatives, to which office our friend "Slippery" is understood to be aspiring. The fact is that I wish to visit Washington, not even to notice these expensive bouquets which said "Slippery" was in the habit of carrying to the maternal feast. What I do go back for is to ask the name of the gentleman who, in Willard's bar-room, told Mr. Herick of the Nineteenth, that unless *he* (the nameless person) went back to New-York that night and "paid \$10,000 the next day at 2 o'clock p. m.," a certain bill would be vetoed, of which the profits, if successful, would justify a much larger outlay? Can the \$10,000 here mentioned have the remotest connection

with the six one thousand dollar bill and a conditional check for \$4,000 more, of which we have latterly heard so much in municipal circles—coupled with the laughingly quoted remark, that "Brother Ben is just now in need of money?" If so, things are taking a strange turn; for it was always understood that Mr. Lowber's influence with his father-in-law, Collector Redfield, would be adequate to all market purposes? Mr. Semmler, his Honor's German emigrant sergeant, begins to feel not a little uneasy; that English note on the letter of German text—the letter so unhappily misquoting—begins to give him uneasiness, and not a doubt about it but that he would "squeak" if the proper compression were legally applied. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Morrissey and some other of his Honor's henchmen should have got themselves into trouble. The whole story of Dan. Linn, his back pay, the way it was procured, and his trip to Syracuse in disguise as one of his Honor's wire-pullers for the Governorship—all these things, are they not funny; but is this the proper time to tell them?

A wise man will keep all his most important information for defense, and with that oracular proverb (which will be understood where it is applicable), I subscribe myself until the "Bird in the Bush" sees fit to reappear or explain his silence, the public's most obedient servant.

#### A BIRD IN THE HAND.

#### PUBLIC MEETINGS.

##### BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

At 5 o'clock p. m. there were only Ald. Tucker, Blunt, Owens, Corwin, Griffiths and Fulmer present. Ald. E. J. was called to the Chair, and a quorum not answering, the Chair declared the Board adjourned to Thursday.

Immediately afterward, Ald. Clancy, the President, arrived, with most of the other members, and signed a call for a special meeting, which was set down for 5 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

##### BOARD OF COUNCILMEN.

Monday, June 15.—The President, JONAS N. PHILLIPS, in the chair.

The Board met at 5 o'clock. After reading and approving the minutes, the special order of the evening—it being the third reading of bills—was taken up. The following were among the bills:

*Bill Passed*—In favor of building sewers in Front street, from Maiden lane to Wall street; in Greenwich street, from Le Roy to Clarkson street; in Fifty-fourth street, from Third to Second avenue; in Broadway, from Pine to Wall street.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of a new Station House in the Twenty-second Ward.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of repairing house of Engine Company No. 45, of building new house for Engine Company No. 15, of the removal of Hose Company No. 38, relative to petition of Hook and Ladder Company No. 4; in relation to petition of Hose Company No. 22, of new doors in houses of Engine Company No. 22 and Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of grading Fourth street from Fifth street to Broadway.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of remitting assessment against Leake and Warrs Ogden Avenue.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of opening Ninety-sixth street, from North to East River.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of the Bill for confining the contract of Newell, of the removal of Lexington Avenue, McCaughy, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Wacker advocated the continuance of the Bill. Mr. B. and Mr. W. were in the majority of the Board. The opposition arose out of a well-grounded suspicion that the bill would be a mere device to enable the City to raise money to reimburse the vote, which was carried, and the matter was laid on the table.

*Bill Passed*—In favor of donating \$1,000 to the New-York Eye Infirmary. In favor of purchasing land on Ward's Island, in favor of authorizing the issue of 5 per cent bonds to the amount of \$25,000 to purchase the State Arsenal property.

The Board then referred the following:

*Petition*—Of property owners in Forty-fifth street for sewers.

*Ordinance*—To amend the Charter of the City of New-York.

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